

# THE YAZOO DEMOCRAT

D. WALKER.]

OFFICE ON MAIN STREET.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

VOL. 6

YAZOO CITY, MISS., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1850.

NO. 44.

## YAZOO DEMOCRAT.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

### The Industrial Progress of the Nation.

We have received a copy of a truly splendid oration delivered by the Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr., at Concord, in Massachusetts, on the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battles of Concord and Lexington. This was the occasion of the shedding of the first blood in the war with Great Britain. In the glowing language of the orator, "The site of the Old North Bridge at Concord is the pivot on which the history of the world turns. The valley fired for freedom there, reverberated through a series of revolutions. The route which then began, was but the beginning of the disasters and retreats of despotism, not yet ended. Before the first shot had been fired that morning to repulse the regulars, self-government was a dream; since that moment, it has grown to be a fact fixed as the everlasting hills." Thus comprehending the occasion in all its greatness and grandeur, and momentous results, the eloquent orator has not only presented us with a graphic sketch of the exciting scenes of that ever-memorable day, but as if inspired by the contemplation of them to still loftier themes, he has unfolded before us, with transcendent clearness, the secret and hidden manner by which these events are all interwoven in the grand drama of human existence. On this subject the oration is unsurpassed. Progress, and the laws of progress, with its incidents, are illustrated with great force from the records of the past. Accompanying the address, there is a running sketch of the other proceedings at this celebration, which will thrill the bosom of every son of Massachusetts with intense emotions of pride and gratification. The remnant of the old veterans was there, and rehearsed the deeds of that fearful day. Mr. Rantoul, the author of this address, is one of the distinguished men of his native State. A lawyer by profession, he has no superior at the bar, where Webster and Choate as peer antagonists. As a public man, and a statesman, he is less known to the public, from having been constantly attached to the party of the minority; but, on all occasions, he has proved himself a man of pre-eminent ability, and of wonderful advancement of mind.

The following extract, which is more particularly appropriate to our pages, presents a surprising statement of the wonderful progress of some branches of the industry of the United States since the day on which the conflict at Lexington and Concord took place:

"Our present population is nine times that of the day of the Concord fight, and a continuance of the same ratio, for the same period, to the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five, will extend the blessings of this Union over more than two hundred millions of souls. Then the orator who shall stand upon this spot, will show that all these are not crowded, but that there is room for more. There is no probability that this aggregate will be less than double the whole population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, together with the French Republic.

Our present wealth is more than forty times that of the colonies seventy-five years ago. Our annual income was then about one-tenth part that of France; now it is nearly equal to that of France, and is gaining very rapidly upon that of the British Empire. Of the great element of power over physical nature, coal, our production is now greater than that of the world seventy-five years ago. Of iron, the chief instrument with which man subdues nature to his purposes, our product is greater than that of all the world seventy-five years ago. Of gold, the other main sinew of war, and the negotiators of the exchanges peace, we produce more than the rest of the world now does. Our cotton manufactures exceed those of the whole world seventy-five years ago. Our tonnage exceeds that of the world seventy-five years ago. It will soon surpass that of the British Empire, and, in a few years, much short of three-quarters of a century, it will far surpass that of the rest of the world. We have more printing presses in operation, and more printed volumes in the hands of our people, than the whole world had on the day of the Concord fight. More newspapers are printed in the city of Boston every day than the whole world then produced. Since that day America has produced the steamboat, and adopted the locomotive, and there are more steam-engines employed in Massachusetts than were then used in the world.

\* An oration delivered at Concord on the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the events of April, 19th, 1775, by Robert Rantoul, Jr. Delivered before the Massachusetts Legislature, and published by their order.

FILE YOUR NEWSPAPERS.—A sexagenarian regretting that he did not begin in early life to file away his newspapers, says: How interesting it would be to an old man to look into the paper which he read when he was 12 or 14 years old! How many events would this call to mind which he has entirely forgotten! How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive! What a view it would give one of past years! What a knowledge it would preserve by assisting the memory! And how many valuable purposes of literary kind even might it be rendered subservient to!

When Ohio had one representative in Congress, Virginia had 19. Now Virginia has 15 and Ohio 21. The man now lives in his plane frame house on the banks of the Miami, who was for ten years the sole representative of Ohio in the Congress of the United States.

### Mineral Resources of California.

We published in yesterday's Herald, a scientific analysis made by Dr. La Conte, of specimens of coal found in the vicinity of San Diego. The report of this gentleman goes to prove the existence in that neighborhood of an extensive coal mine, which requires only the application of enterprise and capital for the development of its treasures. The excavations hitherto made are said to have been attended with as much success as could have been expected, from the rude appliances brought into requisition; and, although the shaft has been filled up by the washings of the earth in the rainy season, specimens of the coal have been found lying upon the surface sufficient to satisfy the analyst of the correctness of his geological conclusions, derived from an examination of the locality. It is highly probable that the superabundant energy of our population, will soon supply the means of working this mine to advantage.—Should it be found as productive as Dr. La Conte anticipates, California will be nearer by twenty years, the consummation of commercial greatness she is expected to attain. The advantages of a productive coal mine in this State can scarcely be overrated.

The idea prevalent in the United States, and countenanced in some measure by the people of this country, who have hitherto in most cases confined themselves to the advantages opened to them by the gold discoveries—that gold is the only mineral existing in any great quantity in the soil of California, is entirely erroneous. Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of gold already collected, and still remaining, it is yet safe to predict, that the principal mineral product of this State will be quicksilver. From all that we have heard and seen, we are satisfied this valuable material will be found in greater quantities in this country, than in any country in which its presence has yet been discovered, not even excepting the mines of Germany or Spain. The quantities of cinabar mined in the neighborhood of San Jose have merely tended to prove the fact that the ore is almost inexhaustible in that locality. The amount as yet got out is comparatively trifling; the mountain which is being excavated is one mass of cinabar. The operations are as yet limited, but we learn that already arrangements have been made which will cause a thorough development of the riches of this mine. This, however, is but one of many that abound in the country.

We have heard of numerous rich copper mines, none of which have been worked, and which, while the gold excitement last, will doubtless remain unproductive. The conviction, however, will soon gain ground, that a copper mine will yield much more than any gold diggings that can be appropriated, and this valuable metal can be produced in quantities sufficient to supply this and other markets. In the northern States of Mexico copper is ordinarily worth as much per pound as it has brought in this country when its value, from the scarcity of the supply, was at an exaggerated standard. The gold excitement once diminished, the copper mines will yield a steady and very large profit.

We have seen no indications that warrant a belief in the existence, to any extent, of silver ore in the soil of California. Traditional stories there are, of mountains of silver; and some three months ago, a report was in circulation that in the vicinity of Los Angeles a mountain had been discovered teeming with silver and gold; but there appears to be no foundation for the rumor. It may be that the copper mines will be found, like those of Lake Superior, to contain native silver in connection with the less precious metal, as the copper mines of the Gila contain a quantity of gold in combination sufficient to defray the expense of working them; this, however, is mere surmise, and has no foundation in any discovery that has yet come to our notice. The existence of platinum, however, is beyond problem, although it has hitherto been found in Oregon in larger quantities than here.

It will thus be seen that California is not dependent on her gold mines, even should these contrary to all present circulations, be exhausted.—Her mineral resources are varied, and will be rendered productive as soon as the first fever of goldthirst shall have abated. Already the operations are in progress for a very full development of the vast wealth with which our soil teems. The progress towards the accomplishment of this end will be steady, and although slow for industrial operations in California, yet compared with similar enterprises in the United States, it will be immeasurably rapid. Should further explorations show the presence of large beds of coal in the Southern portion of the State, companies will soon be formed and capital advanced to carry on the operations. There is a large amount of capital invested in the quicksilver mines near San Jose, and soon vessels clearing from this port will be ballasted with cinabar, consigned for smelting to some port of the Atlantic.

What with her commercial advantages and her mineral resources, California cannot fail soon to attain one of the most important and commanding positions on the map of the world. *San Francisco Herald.*

MINERALS IN ILLINOIS.—The White River Standard, published at Bedford Illinois, announces as the opinion of a number of the citizens of the southwestern portion of Lawrence county, who have paid attention to the subject, that there exists in certain districts of territory, on the waters of Beaver Creek, part in Lawrence and part in Martin county, valuable minerals, and that by the assistance of a mineralogist, by thorough and practical examination, the fact could be sufficiently ascertained. Lead, iron and coal are visible in the neighborhood. This fact has been known for some years.

HERE WE GO.—A gentleman from Ohio is endeavoring to procure a patent for a balloon railway. His object is to make the balloon practicable, by giving it direction, power of starting, stopping, raising and lighting, at the will of those attached to the car. He proposes to have a guiding rail, suspended by strong posts at reasonable distances from the ground. In order to work a balloon on this railway, he proposes to render it sufficiently buoyant to sustain freight and passengers, and have it secured by a rope a hundred feet long, connected with the rail by means of a sliding eye made in two sections, so that by means of a similar cord of the same length, the eye can be shut tight on the rail to stop the balloon, or to allow it to float along at any rate which may be desired. Stop her.

### From the Memphis Express.

#### O. Who'd be a Bachelor.

Oh, who would be a bachelor,  
And pass this vale of life,  
Without the fond caresses  
Of a young and lovely wife?  
Not like the gaudy butterfly,  
With charms that wax and wane,  
A wife hath charms that long endure,  
And e'en to death remain.

Around the winter fire-side,  
When howling storms are rife,  
There's nought that's half so pleasant,  
As a loving, cheerful wife!  
Her smile dispels the darkest mist,  
That e'er beclouds the life's way,  
And sheds around the path of life,  
An ever-cheering ray.

When spring bids the earth be clothed,  
In new and beauteous life,  
Then fairer than the fairest form,  
Appears the loving wife,  
Who ever then would live alone,  
Must bear in mind the ban,  
That he who is a Bachelor,  
Is not a happy man!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Splendid Description.

One Paul Denton a Methodist preacher in Texas advertised a barbecue with better liquor than usually furnished. When the crowd had assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous fumes, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it, and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing, and high upon the tall mountain tops where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash, and away far out in the wide wild sea where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus sweeping the march of God—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And every where it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew drop; singing in the summer rain shining in the icicle, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white glare around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hale shower; folding in the bright snow curtains softly about the winter world; and weaving the many-colored iris, the seraph's zones of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose loom is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths, no drunkards shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered No.

HOW DO MEN GENERALLY GET THEIR WIVES?—Where do men generally discover the women who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably comes to is worth mentioning to our lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other places of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what is called showing off in the streets or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that 99-100ths of the fiery with which women decorate or load their persons, go for nothing as far as husband catching is concerned. Where and how then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated; and these are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these all the fiery airs in the world, sink into insignificance.—N. Y. Merchant's Ledger.

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world always has and will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercise that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then young men and women. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls, and secure the confidence and respect all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

"Capital punishment" as the boy said when seated among the girls at school.

### A Love Letter.

We clip the following from one of our exchanges, for the benefit of any of our readers who may happen to be placed in a similar situation with that of the unfortunate swain hereinafter mentioned:

Dear Sweet—Oh, my love of loves, clarified honey and oil of citron, white loaf sugar of may hopes, and molasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days. The sun is dark at midday—the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres! and the wind of thy gown as you pass by, is as zephyr from the garden of paradise in the spring time of early flowers! I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness! One of your curls touched me on the nose and that organ was transmuted into loaf sugar. Oh, spice of spices—garden of delights! send me a lock of your hair—send me any thing that your blessed fingers has touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy! One look from you would transmute me incoincidentally into the third heaven! Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth! My heart blazes at the thought of thee! My brain is an everlasting fire. The blood burns and scorches my veins and vitals as it passes through them. Oh, ecstacy, most delightful of delightful of delights, and with your seraphic breath breathe upon me! When you do come, be sure and bring that half-dime you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some tobacco.

PARENTAL TEACHING.—If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse without bit or bridle let them not permit him to go forth into the world unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frankness and good humor. If he is ignorant, accustom him to exertion. And train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride come in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

CITY POLICE.—JUVENILE SPORTS.—Bernard Donnelly and Michael O'Connor—the latter a newsboy and the former a baker's apprentice, were charged by the captain of a canal boat, lying at wharf below Walnut street, with stealing him with brick-bats. The evidence of the captain was heard; he was sitting quietly in his boat, yesterday afternoon, when a piece of brick about as big as a potato, struck a cask against which he was leaning his head. It came so near to him that he "felt the wind of it." Another piece came still nearer, and then "they rattled around his head like a shower of hail." He was so much astounded that he could not budge for several minutes, but on casting up his eyes he saw the two boys on the wharf, "firing" the bricks at him as fast as they could pick them up.

Mayor.—You hear the charge, boys; what have you to say?

Donnelly, [sotto voce].—Mike, you're the best lawyer;—palaver 'em a little.

O'Connor, [settling himself in an oratorical attitude].—Well, gentlemen and fellow citizens,—we did fire the bricks; it's no use to deny it. But why did we do it? That's the question.

Mayor.—Yes; that is the question. Why did you do it?

O'Connor.—I'll speak to that pint sir. Donnelly says, "Don't you see that red-headed skipper, there, snoozing with his pate against the tobacco hoghead?" "I'll bet a pint of pea-nuts I can fire a brick within two inches of the end of his nose, without waking him!" Says I, "done, for the pea-nuts." So he fired—then says I, "I can beat that myself." So I fired another brick, and Donnelly fired another, and we kept it up that way till the canawyer waked up, and then we stopped. That's all, sir. It was only a bit of a joke. We wasn't going to hit him, but we were afraid he might get the apoplexy sleeping so long after dinner, and we thought it was better to stir him up before that bright carrot head of his got fadded, for it was right in the sunshine, and the grease was fairly flying out of it. It was a rare pity to see how the mutton-tallow was wasted!"

We fear this defence was not very propitiatory; for the young gentlemen were severely bound over to answer for a misdemeanor.

"Of all the ralying words," says a writer in Charles Knight's London, "whereby multitudes are gathered together, and their energies impelled forcibly to one point, that of 'fire' is, perhaps the most startling and most irresistible. It levels all distinctions; it sets at naught sleep and meals, and occupations, and amusements; it turns night into day, and Sunday into a 'working day'; it gives double strength to those who are blessed with any energy and paralyzes those who have none; it brings into prominent notice and converts into objects of sympathy, those who were before title thought of, or who were, perhaps, despised; it gives to the dwellers in a whole huge neighborhood the unity of one family."

"There is no little enemy." A man either hates you with his whole heart, or he don't hate you at all. This hating a little is a good deal like blowing up a powder mill a little. It's a feat that can't be done.

### The way to do it.

Boy, if you want to become dissolute and depraved; if you desire to be young in years and old in crime; if you want to become odious in the eyes of all respectable men, keep the company of tipplers and hang around the rum shops.

Youth, if you would be shunned by the virtuous and the good; if you would be slighted by the fair, and abhorred by the pure; if you would be marked by the finger of scorn and written down as one doomed for infamy, patronize the gay gin palace and keep the company of the fiends who dwell therein.

Man, would you provoke the enmity of your kind, destroy your influence, annihilate your credit, ruin your business, disgrace your kindred, beggar your family? then tarry at the wine cup and frequent the rum shop.

Woman, would you sink the depth of degradation, whence scarcely the illimitable reach of the Omnipotent arm can pluck you; would you obliterate all that makes you lovely, all that assimilates you to the angels; would you stand in God's fair sunlight "a thing for scorn to point the finger at;" would you become an object to make the flesh creep and the hair bristle with horror? drink alcohol.

Mortal, would you pervert your noble nature, foil your sublime destiny, chase your curious and wonderful body, ruin your divine mind, degrade your race, abuse and defy your God? drink alcohol.

These directions are infallible; they are copied from the Pharmacopoeia of Hell, where Brandyopathy is the dominant school of practice, and doses of alcohol the only prescription that serves to glut the great revenger of Death and surfeit the boundless appetite of the Grave.

RESCUE AT NIAGARA.—On Saturday last a middle aged man, living on Navy Island, started in a small canoe with his son, a lad some twelve years old, for Chippewa. The distance is short—less than a mile, we should say, and, although the current of the river is quite rapid, the trip is not attended with any hazard, if the boat is managed with ordinary skill. But in this case the man was very drunk, and only embarrassed the boy, so the boat drifted before the mouth of the creek before the lad could approach the shore. Seeing the impossibility of reaching the Canada shore, the boy turned her toward the head of Goat Island, paddling with surprising strength and dexterity, his father barely steering, without rendering him any efficient aid.

The boat was swept down with frightful velocity, but the boy struggled most bravely, and when she was drawn into the rapids, he had propelled her so far across the Canada channel as to direct her course between the middle and inside Sister, the little islands lying outside of Goat Island, near the upper end. There is a fall of some fifteen or twenty feet just above the little islets, extending nearly across the Canada or main channel of the river. Mortal aid could not have availed the poor boy and his father, if the boat had pitched over this fall. They must certainly have gone over the great fall which has never passed alive.

Aware of the imminent danger, as the boat was on the verge of a small precipice, the lad sprang into the water, drawing his father after him, and, maintaining an upright position with great difficulty, upheld his helpless parent until they were rescued by the people from the village at the falls, who had collected in large numbers on the shore opposite to the point where the boat was abandoned. The boat was dashed to pieces in passing down the rapids, and the fragments were carried down the falls before the man and his son were taken to the land.

Buffalo Morning Express.

A witness was examined in one of the courts of Illinois, upon a trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel of the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode.

"He generally rides a straddle, sir."

"How does he ride in company?"

"If he has a good horse he always keeps up."

"How does he ride when he is alone?"

"Really, I cannot say, for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself."

"You may stand aside, sir."

A parson, in the course of his sermon, recently asked: "What is the price of earthly pleasure?"

"Seven-and-sixpence a dozen!" said a half-asleep grocer, who was somewhat startled by his snooze by the question.

"Well, I'll take the lot," rejoined a speculator, who was anything but wide awake when he made the offer.

Mrs. Partington is of the opinion that the first families of Boston would not visit Adam and Eve, until they ascertained the standing of their ancestors.

THE HEIGHT OF MODESTY.—A newly-married lady requested her "liege lord and master" the other day when going to market, to purchase a foot of mutton for dinner. That, we think, goes ahead of the young lady who spoke of being disturbed by the noise of a gentleman hen.

Law me! exclaimed Mrs. Partington, I didn't know afore they fought in court, but I see by the newspapers that the Judge charged the jury.

The Arabs of the Desert are so healthy, they find it more difficult to die than any other nation find it to live. They endure to a greater age than any other people, and when they at last die, it is not of diseases, but rather natural mummification.

Some one has defined policy to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."

### THE FARM.

#### Corn Shucks for Rough Feed.

The following communication, which we find in the Alabama Planter, may not be uninteresting to stock raisers:

Messrs. Editors.—It is often the case that horses and mules suffer for rough food when the best article we produce for that purpose lies about wasting or is fed in an improper manner, and hence fails to produce all the good effects proper management would exhibit. A very simple process, occasioning but very little time or expense, will add much to the value of shucks as food for horses or mules. Take a cotton basket and if the shucks have to be pulled off the corn, sort them as you pull them off, placing the inner clean smooth portions torn from the stem (if in small strips so much the better) in the basket until you have a layer suited to your judgement; have you a pan or other vessel containing salt and water; sprinkle some of this solution upon the layer of shucks formed, then put in another layer and treat it likewise, packing it pretty close until the desired quantity is obtained. The preparation should be made in the morning to feed in the evening, or if not sooner at mid-day for evening feeding. I have no hesitation in saying in this way shucks are quite preferable to corn fodder, being healthier and containing more nutriment. A basket holding three or four bushels, will contain sufficient feed for as many horses or mules for twenty-four hours.

Doubtless if they were properly steamed or otherwise treated in a more scientific manner, it would still be better, but even this rough mode of preparation makes them a valuable article for rough feed. This mode of preparation would make shucks more valuable as food for oxen, for which purpose they are a good deal used. I have no doubt it would pay well for the labor bestowed, beside saving a saleable article (the corn fodder) to be disposed of for cash if desirable, or if not adding to the stock of rough food which with us is not often too plenty.

SUMTER.

TRIMMING TREES.—It is not too late to trim nursery trees, and the buds that were set last year should now be attended to. If they are suffered to grow top heavy they are liable to be split down by the winds of September. New wood is made rapidly at this season of the year and small wounds soon heal over.

It is not necessary to cut the branches all close at one time; some may be left six or eight inches long with their leaves on, to aid the growth of the trunk. The object is to check the growth of the branches and yet leave enough of leaves to mature the sap. The leaves on the trunk should all be left, for the more leaves the better if the wind has not too much power over them. Leaves on the trunk aid its growth more than leaves on the long branches.

CRAB GRASS HAY.—From this time until September, remarks the Muscogee Democrat, crab-grass may be cut for winter feeding. It is as nutritious as the best northern grasses, is easier made and when well managed yields a greater quantity of hay than any other grass; and yet we annually see the wharves of our commercial cities lined with bundles of pressed hay from the North and West, whence it finds its way to all the livery stables, and many a farmer's rack. Is it not strange that we labor so hard to exterminate a better grass than we can possibly introduce from any other climate! It is adapted by nature to our stock, and the only thing that nature has not taught about it is, to preserve its nutritious qualities in its dry state. This must be done by the industry and genius of man. I have seen loads of crab grass in the market, that was pulled by hand instead of being cut, having a good portion of roots and earth mixed with it. It was pulled when the seed was at maturity, and the leaf and stem had lost half their juices. No wonder that a horse would lay back his ears, and a cow turn up her nose, at such tasteless, scentless food. Grass to be good and retain all its aroma, should be cut in its first inflorescence, and as much as possible, dried in the shade. The following method of cutting, currying and raising hay, from Germantown Telegraph, is full of rich instruction. Farmers, try it with your crab grass, and you will buy no more northern hay.

CURE FOR HOLLOW HORN.—The following simple remedy for hollow horn, I have received from a reliable source, but have not had an opportunity to test it. Take soft soap and salt mixed in equal parts, and rub smartly the roots of the horns, and along the whole length of the back to the end of the tail, with the mixture. Repeat occasionally, for a few days if necessary.

TO CURE THE SORE NECKS OF OXEN.—A neighbor of mine had a pair of working oxen whose necks became very sore. He covered that part of the yoke resting upon the neck with lead.—They got well almost immediately, though constantly kept at work. I suppose the lead being a good conductor drew off the inflammation, and thus enabled the sores to heal.—Agriculturalist.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—In feeding with corn, fifty pounds ground goes as far as a hundred pounds in the kernel. Corn meal should never be very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that larger ones have.

Ruta Baga is the only root that increases in nutrition as it increases in size.

Sweet Olive Oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally and externally.

Plants, when dropping, are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Pears are generally improved by grafting on mountain ash.

Some one has defined policy to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."

Some one has defined policy to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."

Some one has defined policy to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."